We had the curious experience of being "booed" on the first night. It was not a comedy audience, and I think the rollickings of Toby Belch and his fellows were thought " low." Then people were put out by Henry's attempt to reserve the pit. He thought that the public wanted it. When he found that it was against their wishes he immediately gave in. His pride was the service of the public.

His speech after the hostile reception of " Twelfth Night " was the only mistake that I ever knew him make. He was furious, and showed it. Instead of accepting the verdict, he trounced the first-night audience for giving it. He simply could *not* understand it!

My old friend Rose Leclercq, who was in Charles Kean's company at the Princess's when I made my first appear-ance upon the stage, joined the Lyceum company to play Olivia. Strangely enough she had lost the touch for the kind of part. She, who had made one of her early suc-cesses as the spirit of Astarte in ^Maafred," was known to a later generation of playgoers as the aristocratic dowager of stately presence and incisive repartee. Her son, Fuller Hellish, was also in the cast as Curio, and tfrben we played " Twelfth Night" in America was propjoted to the part of Sebastian, my double. In Loadon-my brother Fred played it. Directly he walked on to the stage, looking as like me as possible, yet a maw all over, he was a success. I don't think that I have ever seen anything so unmistak-

able and instantaneous.

In America " Twelfth Night " was liked far better tha* in London, but I never liked it. I thought our production dull, lumpy and heavy. Henry's Malvolio was fin£ and dignified, but not good for the play, and I never could help associating my Viola with physical pain. Qa the first night I had a bad thumb—I thought it was a